



## **A Month by McDiggin'It**

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**Summary:** Jonathan's thoughts in the motel when Nancy admitted that she had waited for him. Rated-T for some colorful language.

## A Month

Title: A Month

Summary: Jonathan's thoughts in the motel when Nancy admitted that she had waited for him.

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A month. She waited a month. And then waited for nearly a whole year before telling him. Jonathan mentally slaps himself as he stares across the darkened space between their beds.

*A fucking month. Jesus. Had I really been so oblivious? And that lie about Will needing me, is just... god, now I feel like a fucking idiot.*

He thought she needed time. Space. Some fucking sense of control. He had been so wrong. She had waited for him, and like the oblivious idiot he is, he thought she needed time.

*Jesus. This whole time, she'd actually felt something for me! And I had ignored her!*

*God I'm stupid.*

"Jonathan?"

He sits up and turns the light back on, looking questioningly at the girl in the other bed. "Yeah?"

Nancy stares at him as she sits up. She shakes her head. "You're not stupid."

"What?" Jonathan blinks, then realizes, "Did I say that out loud?"

Nancy cracks a tiny smile. "Yeah."

"Oh." They stare at each other some more. "I— I was just... thinking."

"About?"

Jonathan sighs and slides his legs off the bed to face Nancy. "What you said."

Nancy's eyebrows furrow in confusion at that. "Which part?"

"About waiting... I— I thought you needed some time. Then there was Steve, who turns out to be a pretty decent guy, and I just... I didn't know if pursuing you would be the right thing to do."

Nancy stares at him, her eyes sad and wishful. "You're difficult to read."

Jonathan blinks blankly at her. "What do you mean?"

Nancy slides her legs off the bed as well, facing Jonathan. "When I waited for you, I didn't know if you were even interested. So when you suddenly faded and vanished from my life, I thought—." She shakes her head, her eyes getting misty. "I thought that maybe you just didn't really feel anything for me. I thought that maybe I had been reading the damned signs all wrong."

Jonathan scoots forward, reaching a hand across the space between them. Nancy takes his hand and squeezes just a little.

"I'm sorry."

Nancy smiles sadly at him. "I know... Steve is... he's great. I like him."

Jonathan's face falls as he looks down at his feet.

"But I don't love him."

Jonathan looks up at her again, eyebrows shooting up under his floppy brown hair. "You don't?"

Nancy shakes her head slowly. "Every time I'm having troubles, or I'm struggling with something, I'm supposed to think of the only person who makes me feel alive and loved. And I thought that Steve would be that person."

"He's not?"

She shakes her head. "He's... well, he's different. But he's not the one I think about when I'm alone. He's not the one I think about when I think of my future."

Jonathan's breath quickens as he stares at her. "Me neither."

Nancy laughs at that and rolls her eyes at him. "He was a pretty crappy boyfriend at first, but..." She trails off, shrugging her shoulders a little. "...by the time he stepped up, I— I'd already had feelings for you."

Jonathan stares at her, feeling a strange warmth spread across his chest at her words. He never thought he'd see the day when someone as amazing and as beautiful as Nancy would have more feelings for him than for Steve Harrington! It's a lot to take in, but he already knows how he feels. He's known since the beginning of their freshmen year. Last year's events only solidified his feelings for Nancy.

He runs a hand through his hair as he smiles softly at her. "You don't know how long I've wanted to hear those words."

Nancy smiles back at him. "So what now?"

He looks at the space between their beds before glancing back up at her. "Well... we could continue pretending that this is wrong, or— or we could maybe try sleeping together." His eyes widen as soon as the words leave his mouth. That didn't come out exactly the way he wanted it to. "I mean not sleep together— I mean like just lay in bed together until we fall asleep and see how things go from here—".

Nancy laughs quietly and shakes her head at him. "I know what you meant."

Jonathan sighs softly and smiles.

Nancy finally pulls her legs back up on her bed and scoots to the side, leaving enough space for him to squeeze in next to her. Jonathan doesn't waste anymore time, getting up and crossing the small space between them, and then climbing in next to her.

They lay down, side by side, and it feels a bit like last year when

Nancy told him to just come and sleep beside her after she'd faced the demogorgan, except this time, they know exactly what they're doing. Jonathan turns on his side, facing her. Nancy does the same, facing Jonathan. "You know," she whispers. "... there's something I've been wanting to do since I first realized that I have feelings for you."

Jonathan raises a curious eyebrow at her. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"And errr— What's that?" He's suddenly really thirsty.

Nancy bites her lip gently, before moving her head up off her pillow and placing her face directly in front of Jonathan's. "This." She whispers softly, before closing her eyes and pressing her lips against Jonathan's.

This is their first kiss, and they're both pleasantly surprised to discover each other's feel and taste for the first time. When they pull away, they've both got awestruck smiles on their faces.

"Jonathan..." Nancy whispers softly.

"Yeah?"

She swallows hard. It's the first time she has ever felt the burning need to confess something, and it's terrifying. Despite that, she wants to say it anyway. "I love you." Her voice cracks a little, and for a moment, she wonders if maybe she'd said it too soon.

But then he says it. "I love you too, Nancy."

After sharing another kiss, Jonathan couldn't help thinking, *This is what I've been missing because I was an idiot for a month.*

"We're here now and that's all that matters." Nancy mumbles against his lips, and Jonathan blushes.

"I said that out loud too?"

Nancy smiles with her eyes closed, nodding her head at him. "Mhmm. We should get that checked out soon." She jokes. "Can't have you

thinking about me out loud."

Jonathan chuckles and presses his lips on her forehead. "Good night."

Wrapping their arms around each other, the young couple finally drift off to a blissful sleep,

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A/N: Totally plotless fluff bunny. But I thought it was cute, and so I'm posting it. Sorry for the light, semi-Steve bashing. I love Steve, but Jancy is my OTP. Hope you guys liked it! Reviews are love!

-McDiggin'It